

Grade 6 - Narrative

A Blizzard of Bees

At first, snow specks
drift around you like
delicate bits of chilled lace.

5 Then the air swirls,
the temperature drops,
and the world turns white.

Out of nowhere,
snowflakes swarm
like a blizzard of bees.

10 They wear frosty coats,
land softly on your nose,
and melt on your cheeks.

15 One great flake—
the Snow Queen bee—
falls slowly, royally.

Sun flashes,
and queen bee glitters as if she's
dripping with diamonds.

20 Temperature plummets;
it tumbles and plunges,
and the snow swarm storms.

Splinters of sleet
slice the air
like worker bees.

25 They crash and collide,
their icy stingers
gleaming in the sun.

30 This swarm doesn't buzz—
its wings are wind,
sharp and silent.

You shiver as the swarm
spins and spills
a cold silver cloud around you.

35 It twirls and lands
on hemlock and holly,
cedar and spruce.

As flakes carefully creep
along evergreen needles,
winter clings to their feet.

40 It is the air's bite,
the pine smell,
the chimney smoke.

The swarm sings in the breeze,
"Build a snowman;
45 grab your skates and skis."

Then the sky clears—
the clouds are empty—
and the snow swarm disappears.

50 It leaves behind icicle stingers
melting in the sun,
hanging from eaves of houses.

Did it fly back to its hive?
Where will it hide
until the next storm?

55 No one knows;
but its visit whispers
white promises of fun.

Blizzard of snow bees
leaves a February day
60 as sweet as honey.